THE CALIDONIAN FORREST.

By Iohn Hepwith, *Gent.*

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WHilome divided from the maine land flood
A Forrest in the circle of a flood,
Which was the Calidonian wood eclipt,
And long time there the Lion his Court kept,
And gave good lawes, unto each plyant beast,
When bloody broyles and rigid stirres were ceast.
For long had beene the warre and perillous
Betweene the Birds and Hippopotamus
For the Batavian Fens and Calidon
In the Sea-horse's cause did Armes put on
Against the Eagle, for great pitty 'twere
That weakenesse should too much oppression beare.
But letting passe this needlesse talke, Ile tell
What in the Lions peacefull raigne befell.
He ranging in the Forrest on a day
Only for thirst of pastime not for pray,
A goodly Hart espies so faire a creature,
Acteon in his metamorphos'd feature
I weene was not, and well he knew by heart
Both gracefull complement, and courtly art,
And due obeysance did unto his Grace,
Low lowting with his knees upon the grasse.
The Lion with a blithe and merry looke
His humble Subject from the ground up took,
And like a Prince both kinde and Debonaire,
Him entertained with much language faire.
My friend, quoth he, thou must attend on me
To live at Court, it best beseemeth thee,

If to thy outward parts ſuteth thy wit,
Needs muſt thy ſervice for a King be fit.
The beaſt then humbly thanks his Maieſtie,
And ſpeaking with a gracefull modeſty
Thus ſaid, My Pedegree is meane, not baſe,
For I was bred, and borne, of gentle race,
I cannot ſhew a long continued line,
Nor boaſt of what I cannot claime for mine,
But for my ſervice, if you pleaſe to uſe it,
Impoſe what charge you will, Ile not refuſe it.
The Lion to be briefe, leads him to Court,
Where he prefer'd him ſoone in ſuch a ſort
That he who was leaſt fearde not long ſince,
Became in power even equall with his Prince,
Such heapes of honours were throwne on his back
As would have made the Gyants ſhoulders crack
(Which holds up heaven) long with his Lord he reſted
In ſweet content, not envy'd, nor moleſted;
He for his kindred, did great fortune finde,
Prefer'd the Roe, the Fallow Deere, the Hinde,
For what he crav'd was his, he had the art
Of pleaſing, and had wonne his Soveraignes heart,
Who in a jeſting manner oft would throw
His Royall Crowne upon his branched brow,
And with ſome favour oft would grace his horne,
Or with ſome goodly Gemme his eare adorn.
Well knew the Hart he was his eye-ſights Jewell,
And to his fires ſtill added ſtore of fewell,
Oft would he to ſome Chriſtall fountaine trace,
And therein view his guilded head and face,
By the direction of that watery glaſſe
There men ing what not to his likeing was,
Oft would he wend unto the Adders Denne,
Whom with his ſtrong breath he drew forth, & then
Him ſwallowed quick, for to preſerve his youth
Much paines he took, to keepe his ſoft skin ſmooth.
His breaſt a pillow was for his Lords head,
His eyes were books, whereon he daily read,

Like

Like to thoſe loving Brothers in the skie,
They were endu'd with equall Sympathy,
His blisfull ſmyles preſented to his Lord,
Their paſſions ſtruck a mirthfull monacord,
His favours object he was onely made,
His was the ſubſtance, all beaſts elſe the ſhade,
Like thoſe Fraternall lights, which doe preſent
To joyfull Seamen, hope of good event,
So they together ranged through the groves,
While all beſides ſtood wondring at their loves.
Sertorius that famous Roman knight,
Would never bring his Souldiers out to fight,
Till he had beene by his white Hinde adviſed
Of future haps, even ſo the Lion prized
The Counſell of this Hart, and did commit
All waighty Matters to his truſt and wit;
He made him Ruler of the great greene Lake:
The Lyonell him for his Mate did take,
When he to the *Heſperian* Forreſt went,
For by his old *Syre* he was thither ſent,
Not for a golden Apple, or a fleece
Of Gold, but for to Court the Eagles neece,
So was he bleſt by hap, that he came back,
Without a Miſtris, and without a wrack.
The beaſts at his returne did ſo rejoyce,
That Hills and Valleys ſounded with the noyſe.
The Camell danc'd, the horſe for joy did wince,
And all the Forreſt eccho'd, welcome Prince;
The Hart for his good ſervice done they prais'd,
And would have beene contented to have rais'd
Statues in's honour, if they had not thought
Idolatry thereby might in be brought.
Twice had not *Sol* paſt through the Zodiack,
Ere *Leas* death clad all the beaſts in black.
Then with applauſe and hope they entertaine,
The brave young Lyon for their Soveraigne,
He bent to glorious actions did provide,
Great forces to abate the Eagles pride,

Shee banding with the Dragon that doth dwell,
In Satans Denne neere the high way to hell,
(As Poets ſay) had wrought ſuch griefe and ſmart
To beaſts and Fiſhes, even in every part.
This monſtrous Dragons nature was ſo ſtrange,
So noyſome, that he needed not to range
About the world to paſſe the Alpes, or Seas,
To plague his wretched foes, for heat eaſe,
And lurking in his filthy hole and neſt,
Could quite deſtroy, or Fiſh, or Fowle, or beaſt,
He could infect the Aire, with his ranck breath,
And on each obj & glance, nought elſe but death;
Pure Chriſtall ſtreames he turnes to poyſon black,
Where he oppos'd, all ſurely went to wrack.
Beſides he had a ſort of noyſome Creatures
At his command, which in diſguiſed features,
Would ſearch each Clime, & wont to flye by night
(The ſtorie ſayes) the Cockatrices height.
Theſe were his damned Miniſters, theſe caus'd
Great funeralls, and made all beaſts amaz'd.
That few or none the Dragon durſt contemne,
His ſtrength and Malice ſo affrighted them.
Fiſh, fowle, and beaſt, he long time rul'd at will:
What he requir'd, they durſt not but fulfill.
He did uſurp that power, which he well knew,
Was both the Lyons and the Eagles due.
But Jove that ſees, and rules all things below,
Reſolves to let his pride no higher grow.
Leaſt like his old, ſnake-footed Anceſtry,
His proud Ambition, might annoy the skie.
Then ſends he downe his winged poſt in haſt,
Who through the bright Spheares in a moment paſt,
And firſt in the *Hircinian* forreſt lights,
Where he his meſſage openly recites
Unto the Eagle who was hitherto
Joves owne deere bird, though now ſhe be not ſo.
He told her that the Dragons power was not
By law obtain'd, but by oppreſſion got,

That

That in the Forreſt he no title had,
Of Rule or Soveraignety, but what was bad.
And what he had by falſehood erſt obtain'd,
Be now with Craft and open wrong maintain'd.
The Scepter of the Forreſt is (ſaid he)
Thy due, (O Princely Bird) except it be,
Where the bold Lyon umpires, or his beaſt,
The Dragon hath no right nor intereſt,
To rule within the limits of thy woods
A theefe he is, and robs thee of thy goods.
Then let him be caſhier'd, thruſt out from hence,
Renounce all fealty, and obedience
Earſt done to him, for now *Jove* thee commands
To pluck thy freedome from the Tyrants hands.
This ſaid, the Eagle with a lowly nod
And Cringe, did doe obeyſance to the God,
And thus beginning after a ſhort pawſe,
Againſt her ſelfe Maintaines the Dragons cauſe.
A Crowne (ſaid ſhe) beſt fits the wiſeſt head,
As doth a Miter the beſt littered,
And who more prudent then the Dragon is,
Who more exact in Acts, and ſciences?
He he alone keepes all the ſacred keyes,
Of holy and religious myſteries.
And if that ſtrength beſeemes a ruler well
In valour, who may be his Parallell?
The ſtouteſt beaſt is with his noyſe diſmaid,
Yea of his wrath the Lion is affraid.
Therefore the Dragon beſt deſerves to be
The Forreſt Prince, and ſo ſhall be for me.
Hermes that could not her proud language brook
Longer, bewraid his anger with his looke,
And through diſdaine to bid the Dame adue,
Hee tooke him to his wings, and thence he flew.
He gone the whole aſſembly gan to mutter,
And each his mind did to his fellow utter,
The Kite the Eagles anſwer did allow,
So did the Owle, the Oſtrich and the Crow,

But ſo did not the Storke and Pellican,
The watchfull Crane, the Falcon, and the Swan,
The *Beare*, the *Wolfe*, the Boare, the Stagge, the Hind,
Were altogether of the Eagles mind.
But the Elephant, the horſe, the Vnicorne,
Did their opinions contradict, and ſcorne,
And ſaid, ſhe to the Dragon did ſubmit
Herſelfe, for her owne proper benefit,
Forſooth that ſhee might by this power draw,
Her ſubjects into a more ſervile awe,
Or if ambition did not cauſe the Error,
It was ignoble Cowardize, and terror
Of his great force, who was indeed a beaſt,
Of no ſuch ſtrength and vigour, as ſhe gueſt,
And as for his Religion(they ſay all)
It was but meerely Hypocriticall;
A faigned feature to beguile his friend,
A toole made by him, to worke his owne end;
And therefore they would never more accord,
To take ſo baſe a ſcarecrow, for their Lord,
This diſagreements of opinion ſtirr'd,
Beaſt againſt beaſt, and Bird was againſt bird.
Thus in the *Hircinian* Forreſt 'gan the ſtrife,
Which mickle blood hath coſt, and many a life.
But *Hermes* now had pli'd his wings ſo well,
That in the woods of Calidon he fell,
And did his meſſuage to the Lyon there,
The ſame which earſt to th'Eagle he did beare.
The Lion and the beaſts attentively
His Counſell heard, then with one voyce did cry,
The God ſpeakes well, nor is it meet or fit
Said they, that we the Dragon ſhould permit,
To umpire in the limits of our woods,
Therefore we are reſolv'd to ſpend our bloods,
Our ſelves from his authority to free,
The Lion our ſole Generall ſhall be.
Hermes reply'd, the auſpicious Deityes,
Shall ſecond your thrice worthy enterpriſe,

And

And that the Princely Lion may not feare
The Dragons devilliſh ſpight, we give him here,
An herbe of force, ſo rare and exquiſite,
That it doth fruſtrate all enchantment quite.
Moſt thankfully the Lion his gift tooke,
Expreſſing plaine with geſture and with looke
Acceptance kind, the God bids him adew,
And up into *Ioves* ayrie place he flew,
Where to the Senate of the Gods he told,
How by the Eagle he had been controld.
And how the *Calidonian* Lion did
Reſolve to doe, what his adviſe did bid.
And did the Eagle (quoth the Thunderer)
Thus ſleight our meſſage, and our meſſenger?
With that he leaning on his Ivory Rod
Made heaven, and Earth, and Seas at once to nod,
By ſhaking of his terrifying locks,
And thrice his hand upon his breaſt he knocks.
Is all reſpect (ſaid hee) now cleane forget,
What damn'd ingratefull humor doth beſot,
That raſh fond fooliſh *Bird*? did I in vaine,
Make her the *Birds* dread Queene and Soveraigne?
Did I ſo oft daine to put on her ſhape,
From *Iunoes* watchfull eye to make eſcape;
Was her forme onely fit to make my theft,
When of her *Ganimed*, I *Troy* bereft?
Did I my ſacred ſelfe hide in a feature,
Of ſo diſloyall and ſo vilde a creature?
Were thou (falſe *Bird*) thought worthy for to beare,
The fiery Weapons of the Thunderer?
What dare not mortalls doe, if they ſee mee
At thy contempt to winck, not punniſh thee?
And thou O Dragon ſweld with poyſonous pride,
Whoſe ſpeckled bulk nine Acres breadth doth hide,
Then his keene bolt with fearefull countenance,
He takes in hand beginning to advance
His everlaſting fiſt, while all the route
Of Deities did quake, ſave *Iuno* ſtoute,

For ſtill the angry Gods did much repine,
To ſee the Arcadian Beares, bright *Nonacrine*
And her young Sonne, to ſhine before her face,
The bright Memorialls of that great diſgrace;
That *Iove* had done her bed, now is time fit,
Thought ſhe, to try with wedlock breakers quit;
And as he hath fixt juſt before my face
My foes, I will ſerve him with the ſame ſauce,
And ere he could let flye his dolefull dart
Againſt the Eagle, and the Dragons hart;
From earth ſhe ſnatcht them up, (him unawares)
With an impetuous wind, and made them ſtarres,
The Dragon ſhe did place cloſe by the Beares,
Them ever to torment with horrid feares, (injoyed
For though they were twice chang'd, yet they
Their former minds, and fear'd to be deſtroyed,
By the fierce Dragons wrath, who ſwiftly doth,
Alway about the Poole purſue them both,
But angry *Iove* full of diſdaine, and ſcorne,
To be thus checked, ſtrictly enjoyn'd the morne,
That when he drove the heard of ſtarrs too ſlack,
There burning heat in Amphytrite's lake,
He ſhould remember to fulfill his mind,
And leave the thirſty Dragon ſtill behind,
But in remembrance of old *Iove*, he gave
The Eagle leave, her wings in Seas to lave.

This raſh act of *Ioves* queene bred divers rumors
Above, the Gods according to their humors,
Cenſur'd the fact, and moſt did *Iuno* blame,
But great deſpight did *Ioves* hart ſo inflame,
That once he was reſolv'd downe from the skies,
Quite to Caſhiere all female Deities.
Then wiſe Minerva roſe up from her place,
With ſplendent luſtre, and a comely grace.

Not wrath, but modeſty made her looke red,
For thoſe that will perſwade, muſt not be led
By choller, then a low voyc'd murmur fills
The Court, ſuch ſound within the ſhallow rills,

Pibbles

Pibbles are wont to make, when they doe chide
The ſtreame, becauſe ſhe will not faſter glide.
Thus ſhe begins, If all for ones offence
Muſt ſmart, then what availeth innocence?
If that ſome one hath done amiſſe, then ſhall
The vengeance of the crime extend to all,
Is this your Juſtice, wherein doth relye,
(Yee Gods) your kingdomes great eternitie?
Are all good turnes worne out of minde and gon,
What doe the Gods admit Oblivion?
Were Victory and I your chieſeſt helpe,
When earth ſent forth her hundred pawed whelpe,
To throw you headlong from the battlements,
Did ſhe and I alone ſtand at defence,
When ye in Niles ſeaven doores your ſelves did hide
In various ſhapes, for feare to be deſcride,
Then let us all be to the Earth confin'd
In hills or woods, we ſhall ſome harbours find.
The Nymphs ſhall entertaine us in ſome grove,
And old *Silvanus* ſhall be then our Jove;
Such paſtimes wee ſhall meet withall below,
As all the ſkies the like did never ſhow.
Then come along *Aſtrea* with thy traine,
(All faith and pitty hence) ye ſhall againe
To earth perforce, diſpatch and comeaway
(O Victory!) *Iuno* make no delay;
Let *Iove* make merry with his Nonacrine,
His pretty *Gaymed*, and *Hebe* fine.
The Goddeſſes thus ready to depart,
Iove ſuddenly did from his throne up ſtart,
And by the ſleeve diſdainfull *Iuno* ſnacht,
But *Vulcan*, as he would have *Pallas* catcht,
The angry Dame, ſo rough a knock him wrought,
That unto him ſhe thickle ſorrow brought.
With the but-end of her launce, that the lout
Saw plainely then the world turnd round about.
But while the God with lowly blandiſhment,
To pacifie the Goddeſſes was bent,

Vulcan brings in a Flaggon and a Cup,
With luſty *Nectar* to the brim fild up,
To *Iuno* he a bowle gives, ſhe to *Iove*,
In wine remembers all reſpect and love,
He pledg'd her, and to *Pallas* dranck another,
She drinkes to *Mars*, and *Mars* to *Cupids* mother.
Thus like the Sheares full bowles went round apace,
And *Phœbus* did their mirth with Muſick grace,
While to his Harpe the Muſes did apply,
Their voyces with a heavenly Symphonie.
So long they quaff'd, ſuch was the liquors ſtrength,
That ſoone a ſleepe they cought downe all at length.
But now I come back, leaving them at reſt,
Vnto the Matter whence I have digreſt.
Now are the Lions ſhipsmet altogether,
And under ſayle to goe, the Lord knowes whether.
But firſt I ſhould recount as it is meet,
Who were commanders in this goodly fleet.
Then Oh the thrice three Nymphes, that dwell upon
Parnaſſus greene, and ſhades of *Helicon*,
Aſſiſt me with your skill, whilſt I rehearſe
Names of thoſe doughty wights, whom courage fearce,
And thirſt of Reputation led as far,
As the *Herculian* pillars to make war.
The Hart was in reſpect of office tide,
As many ſay, this enterpriſe to guide.
But loath the Lion was to condeſcend,
To truſt uncontant *Neptune* with his friend;
For it had raſhneſſe argu'd to have let,
So faire a Gemme at ſix and ſeaven be ſet,
Yet ſome affirme that he to Sea had gone,
Had not the Silver Nymphes made ſuch moane,
That altogether to the Lion came,
Beſeeching him to keepe the Hart at home,
For to ſay truth, greene coole and ſhady bowers,
Soft Graſſie bancks, and beds of fragrant flowers;
The remiſſe nature of the beaſt did pleaſe,
Better then hard ribb'd Ships and troubled Seas;

But in his roome the Mule went ſole Commander,
A well experienc'd Knight, an ancient ſtander,
He for ſo great a charge was thought moſt fit,
For practice long had ſeaſon'd well his wit,
There went the Horſe for brave atchievements bred,
Whom falſe Hiennas foule adulterous bed
Had nigh well ſtaine of yore, the Bull, the Beare,
The Maſtiffe and the greedy Hound were there,
But ſo was not the Boare who had chang'd knocks
Not long before with the Iberian Fox,
And dy'd ſoone after, and with him deceas'd
As many feare the fortune of the beaſt:
Like thoſe adventurous Gentlemen of Greece
To Colchos ſayling for the goulden Fleece,
Or like thoſe fifty Knights ſworne to deſtroy
For wanton Helens rape, unhappy Troy:
So did theſe Gallants glide in Neptunes breſt
With paſſing pride, till all heads were poſſeſt
With expectation of great deeds of worth,
Even ſo the Mountaines traveld, and brought forth
A Mouſe, they went for gold, but ſure I am
They brought nought home worth ſpeaking of but ſhame,
Fortune miſcarried their attempts they ſaid,
For had ſhe lent them her auſpicious aid,
Good ſervice had beene done, but whoſoere
Was to be blam'd, the Mule the burthen bare,
And through extreame deſpaire deſir'd to dye,
Lamenting his unhappy deſtiny,
To quench his thirſt of death, himſelfe he caſt
Into the maine, where he had drunk his laſt,
If Thetis in a pittifull regard
The life of the poore miſer had not ſpar'd.
She ſoftly entertaines him in her wave,
And while he ſtrives to make the Sea his grave
His featur's chang'd, and he's with feathers clad
And turn'd into a foule, yet ſtill he had
The ſelfeſame minde, and full of anger ſtill
Becauſe he muſt live, ſore againſt his will,

Into

Into the aire on high he mounted oft,
And on the waves himſelfe throwes from aloft,
His feathers eas'd his fall, but oft he dives
Into the maine, to dye in vaine he ſtrives.
Care and diſpleaſure makes him leane and bare,
His neck and bill ſtill long and ſlender are,
So are his legs, in Sea he lives alway,
This Foule is call'd a Gull, as Seamen ſay.
Much damage and more infamy lights on
The ſtout inhabitants of Calidon,
For this inglorious voyage and that wood
Which erſt a terror to each Forreſt ſtood,
Was now no better then a Hens neaſt thought,
Unto ſo low an ebbe the beaſts were brought.
They much perplext did to the Temple flye,
Imploring aide and pitty from the skie,
They crave a medicine for their maladies,
And long to finde out where the humour lyes
That breeds their troubles, they conclude at laſt
A ſacred Meſſenger to ſend in haſte
To Delphos by Apollos Temple grac'd,
Which in the middle of the Earth was plac'd
The Elephant was thought to be moſt fit
To take this charge, for gravity and wit
He to the Temple comes and humbly fals
Before the Altar of the God, and cals
For his auſpicious lot with minde and voice.
Then ſuddenly was heard a hideous noiſe
Of the approaching God, the Prieſt doth crie,
Be all prophane farre off, the God is nigh.
Then with deepe terror was the Pilgrim ſtroke,
The place, the Lawrell, and the Altar ſhook,
The Quiver of the God likewiſe did ſhake
And from the Vault a hollow voice thus ſpake.
When the humour which is bred
Ith' heart, ſhall ceaſe to annoy the head,
When Juſtice ſhall not be controld
By greatneſſe, nor be bought nor ſold,

When

When ſmooth'd vice ſhall be caſt downe
And honour be faire Merits crowne,
When gleaning Patrons ſhall deſiſt
To aske an offring of the Prieſt,
When crafty Foxes ſhall not pluck
The ſilly Gooſe, and fooliſh Duck,
When greedy Wolves ſhall ceaſe to cramb
Their guts with blood of render Lambe;
Then ſhall your Forreſt finde reliefe,
And be preſerv'd from feare of griefe.
The Elephant returnes, while all expect
And are aſſembled to heare the effect
Of his Embaſſage, and he doth report
The anſwer of the God, in open Court,
The Lion, and the Hart, the Wolfe, the Beare,
The Bull, the Buffle, and the Elke were there,
The noble Unicorne was not in place
For he offended had the Lions grace,
And in his white Rock was impriſoned
Becauſe the young Monoceros he did wed,
The Princely Leopard borne of high ſtem,
And was indeed fit to be linck'd with them.
But ſore diſpleaſure did the Lion fill
Becauſe the Lovers fought not his good will
Ere they did match, but others ſaid the Hart
Unto the Unicorne bred all the ſmart,
For he thought to have matcht as moſt did gueſſe,
The Buck his coſen with the Leopardeſſe;
But ſo kinde Hymen for the Damſell ſtood
That ſhe got one more worthy of her blood.
Now gan the wiſer Beaſts to call to minde
The Harts aſſent, his merit, and his kinde,
They ſaw him in the higheſt circle fixt,
That very little diſtance was betwixt
The Lion and his height, when he each day
Did feaſt with honour, and with honour play.
So did *Adonis* in the Paphyan Grove
On Roſie beds ſport with the Queene of love.

They

They ſaw him turne about the Orbs at will,
Yet had this wood receiv'd no good, but ill
From his great inauſpicious influence.
Thus then the Elephant began: farre hence
Be all unbridled headſtrong paſſion,
Let Iuſtice, Piety, Religion,
Be Mynates here, great Empires within theſe
No Empires are, but mighty Theeveries.
And ſince this Court affords a remedy
For each abuſe, and gives free liberty
Unto the ſick weale publick to deſcry
What breeds her paine, and where the ſame doth lye;
Then let my zeale crave gentle ſufferance
To ſpeake for her, but ill I deeme my chance
That I muſt bring againe upon the ſtage,
Things erſt done by ſo great a perſonage
As is the Hart, but alas 'tis not I,
It is your Countrey, and your Monarchy.
Oh mighty Lyon, they are both diſmaid,
With feare of Diſſolution, and crave aid.
The fierce Iberian Griffin ſtands before us,
Preſt to eſpie advantage to devoure us,
And miſchiefe, malice, warre, about him skip,
He threats the ſword, the rope, the yoke, the whip;
Our weakneſſe makes him ſtrong, our cowardize
Doth promiſe fortune to his enterprize.
And yonder doth the Eagle prey upon
Our overmatcht Allyes, while we look on,
And friendly Rhyne, low in his channell lyes,
And to his Rills in vaine for ſuccor cries.
For burnt fac'd ruine hath Carrom'd them up
With Healths to Diſſolution in a cup,
Compos'd of aſhes, rubbiſh, duſt, and ſtone,
The hideous worke of dire confuſion.
And at our Elbow ſtands the Crocodile
Masking his rancour with a feined ſmile.
He animates us to begin the warre,
But malice is a divelliſh counſellor.

Behold

Behold yon greene ey'd Lake, whoſe gentle flood
With kind imbraces clip, and hug our wood,
And ſtand like wals by Jove and Neptune fixt
Our cruell enemies, and us betwixt.
Our enemies have wonne thoſe wals, how can
The Towne hold out when all the wals are tane
Not long ſince were we Lords of Sea and Land
Durſt breath in any aire, tread any ſand
Our Spartanes vertues, and Herculian vigour
Releiv'd the weak puld downe the oppreſſors rigour,
But now alas things have put on new ſhapes,
Our Forreſt is become a Denne of Apes.
The greedy Oſtridge, and the obſcene Owle
Do Tymber in our woods and Satyrs foule
Frequent our thickets, vertue is divorc'd,
From greatneſſe, Natures excellence is forc'd
By appetite, and reaſon is defloured
By vile affections, Arts are now devoured
By great paunch'd ignorance, fidelity,
Conſiſts in Lucre, and in Luxury.
Our Forreſt is a field of naughtineſſe,
Or rather like foule Lernas marriſhneſſe,
Where ſinne doth lurke, creſted with many crimes
Like Hidra, oh Alcides, helpe betimes,
Helpe mighty Prince, and baniſh all delay,
Meet the approaching ill, and take away
Pernicious cauſes, nor do we envie
Againſt thy judgement, Royall Majeſtie
That thou thy Hart in ſo high place doſt hold
Princes affections muſt not be controld
By ſubjects humours, for there love may flye
Or high or low, none ought to ask them why
To rule, and not to ſerve Kings were ordain'd,
They may be oft advis'd but neare conſtraind.
Yea though the State through their ill government
Be ſure to fall, Subjects muſt be content.
But as the lawes of God and man oblige
Subjects unto their Soveraigne Lord and Liege,

So doth the lawes of God alone binde Kings,
With equity to ſteere the courſe of things.
But if they ſhall neglect their charge and cure,
None muſt for reformation put in ure
Any ſiniſter courſe, for they alone
To God muſt give account what they have done,
But as all force is diveliſh and prophane
By vaſſals 'gainſt their Princes undertane,
So wholeſome counſell is a ſoveraigne way
To worke with them, in ſome reſpects though they
Be Gods, yet like men do they underſtand,
So die they ſhall, though they like Gods command.
Whilome (dread Soveraigne) was the Harts good grace,
As high in peoples favour, as in place,
But things growne to their height needs muſt we ſee
Decline, the very Starres unſtable be;
No ſooner Sol begins to riſe then fall,
The infant that begins to live, withall
Begins to dye; yet ſtill might'ſt thou have ſtood
Untoucht, O Hart, hadſt thou been ſtill as good
As great, more would the Elephant have ſpake,
But night came on, and the aſſemblies brake.
Henceforth againſt the Hart gan many riſe
Accuſing him of great enormities,
Light fame, as quick of hearing as of flight,
That ſeldome doth befriend a favorite,
Soone heares the accuſation of the Hart,
And in a thouſand ſcrols writes every part,
And as it matters were not ill enough,
She addeth ſomething ſtill of her owne ſtuffe,
With theſe ſame ſcrols ſhe fil'd her wide mouthd ſcrip
And with her wings the buxome aire doth clip,
And as ſhe flew the Forreſt round about,
Whole handfuls of her ſcrols ſhe caſteth out,
So doth Septembers carefull ſeedsman throw
The kirnels plumbe before the crooked plough;
Such bitter libels did this tattler ſpread,
That heartily all wiſht, the Hart were dead,

So

So high the fury of the beaſts were growne
That ſore the Hart began to feare the Crowne,
Therefore to ſhunne each dirie accident,
He to the houſe of Politea went
To crave her counſell in ſo hard a caſe;
Lowe in the gloomie vale her Pallace was
Hewne from a Marble Rock by Mulciber
The craftſman of the Gods, ſhe dwelleth there
Secur'd from danger of damn'd treacherie
Who once to undermine her houſe did try,
Thinking to have blowne her up into the skies
As doth the Giant which in Etna lyes,
Spew flaming ſtones, no thorow-faire is there,
No Hermits Cell, no ſhepherds Cottage neere,
No beaſts do graze upon the neighbour hils,
No chirping birds the cliffes with ecchos fils;
Black ſollitude there alwayes walkes the round
With foulded armes and eyes bent to the ground.
Upon the top of all the houſe was rear'd
A Tower, which ſo exceeding high appear'd,
That it Ixion-like did ſeeme to kiſſe
The clouds, on top of which there ſeated is
One called providence, who holds a glaſſe
Wherewith ſhe ſees what's done in every place
Beneath the Cope, with this ſhe doth eſpie
The drifts of Kings, and hidden plots deſcrie,
A huge high wall was built about the place
In which not any port or entrance was
Except one private poſterne, which was kept
By a grave Sire whoſe ſecrecy was clept.
The Hart comes to the doore and ſafely knocks,
The watchfull Porter with long ſnowie locks
And beard, ſoon heard the ſound, & ſoon drew neer,
But ere he did unlock, askt who was there,
A friend quoth the Hart, then he enquir'd his name,
What was his errand, and from whence he came,
With ſuch wiſe anſwers, did the Hart him win,
That he unlockt the gate, and let him in;

Then did a goodly groome diſcretion height,
To Paliteas Hall conduct him right,
Where on ſuch uncouth ſhapes of things he gaz'd,
That like a Statue he ſtood ſtill amazd.
Upon an arch ſat Politea high,
*W*ith many Dames in ſeemely order by.
And though ſhe and the Ladies ſeemd to be,
As jolly Dames as eyes could wiſh to ſee.
Yet ſhe alas was changd in face and grace,
Ere ſince the faire Aſtrea loſt her place
And moſt part of her traine, that ſate hereby
*W*ere but meere ſhades made to delude the eye,
*B*ut fierce ambition beaten and repeld
From her attempt in the Phlegrean field
*W*here ſhe was hunting them, earths graceleſſe fries
To mount on Mountaines, and to climbe the skies,
Yet ſtill retaind her former ſpight and hate,
Although the blow did much her ſtrength abate,
But having provd the proweſſe of the Gods
And to her coſt and ſorrow ſeene the odds,
She would no more in armes againſt them go,
*B*ut meane to ſingle out a weaker foe
Great Politea that renowned Queene
*W*as ſhe on whom ſhe vowd to wreck her teene,
*B*ut laying ſteely armes and ſhield aſide
Another way to work her ends ſhe tryd;
She by a treaty thought to get more gaine
Then ere by open force ſhe could attaine,
A beautious Lady in her traine ſhe had
*W*hich high deſire her all in white ſhe clad
And with an Olive wreath ſhe dight her head,
And in her hand ſhe likewiſe carried
An Olive branch, a hundred Maids of honour
(*W*ith Olive likewiſe crownd) did waight upon her,
Though theſe like meſſengers of peace were clad
Yet warre and murther in their hearts they had,
For they were all begirt with faulchons keene,
*W*hich underneath their veſtures were not ſeene,

She theſe inſtructs with wondrous ſubtilties,
Under pretence of Friendſhip to ſurpriſe
Queene *Politea* fort, but when ſhe came
Neere to the place, they ſent a crafty Dame,
Before unto the Caſtle, to obtaine a maine,
A ſafe conduct for deſire, and her traine.
This ſpeedy Herald deleſtation height,
As faire a creature to the outward ſight,
As ever eye beheld, and yet was ſhee
As foule deform'd a monſter as could be,
Beſides her outward grace ſhe had a tongue,
Moſt skillfull to perſwade, and paſſing ſtrong;
Shee having entre *Politeas* Hall,
Where then was ſitting mongſt her Ladies all
Betweene Religion, and *Aſtrea* faire,
So wittily her meſſuage did declare,
That *Politea* gave her free conſent,
That foule deſire and all her Rabblement,
Might come into the fortreſſe, all in vaine
Aſtrea and her fellowes did complaine;
And like *Liceas* prieſts with flaring haire,
With out-cryes ſhrill, they rent the tender ayre.
Truſt not ambitious friendly ſhewes they cried,
Truſt not deſire, let acceſſe be denied,
And like *Troyes* unbeleeved Propheſies,
They did preſage approaching miſeries,
In vaine they told of dangers that were neere,
For *Politea* would not lend an Eare.
Then fraught with griefe, & deepe diſdaine they flew
From thence to heaven, and bid the earth adiew;
Thus *Politea* was quite left alone;
Religion, Juſtice, Temperance were gone.
Faith, Pitty, Fortitude, were flowne away,
None of *Aſtreas* traine behind would ſtay,
But hope, for ſhe bewailing the weake ſtate
Of wretched men ſtunck cloſe by otic at gate,
And to the wide world did betake her ſelfe,
A profeſt foe to that moſt damned elfe;

Which height deſpaire, ſhe gives men much reliefe
That be in paine, Calamitie and griefe,
Now is deſpaire at *Politeas* Fort,
Safely arriv'd, and entring the Court.
A Dame that kept the Tower of conſent,
The keyes thereof did unto her preſent;
Then on ſhe went into the Hall apace
Where *Politea*, at her feete crav'd grace,
Which ſhe obteyned, but one this Condition
Forſooth, that ſhe forthwith yeeld to Ambition
all Homage, fealtie, and Obedience,
And alwayes hold her for her Liege and Prince;
To keepe theſe Covenants ſhe was bound by oath,
So ſhe her honour loſt and freedome both;
Then Superſtition, falſe-hood thi ſt of gaine,
Succeeded faire *Aſtrea*, and her traine,
Yea bloudy Murther, and foule treachery,
Then ſtreight crept cloſely in and there ſtood by,
And though the Hart ſaw them he could not ſpie,
Their ugly ſhapes and great deformity;
For they were clad in vertues faire array,
Which ſhe had left in haſte to flye away,
Their faces ſprent, were with a tincture v le,
Made of the ordure of a Crocodile,
And Dragons milke, love did *Medea* move,
To uſe this Ceruſe, firſt for *Iaſons* love;
But the Hart viewed with moſt intention,
The workemanſhip and rare Invention;
That there on every ſide was to be ſeene,
Where many Statues were of famous men,
High in the rooſe, which duſt well nigh defac'd,
Where *Numa*, *Solon*, and *Lycurgus* plac'd,
And many other did ſtand them beſide,
Which time had made unfit to be deſcri'd,
Each politicians plot was there diſplay'd,
From point to point, as it at firſt was laid;
The Pope was pictur'd there, and *Charles* the great
Each helping other, to Atchieve his feat.

Charles

Charles for the Empire of the *Weſt* did try
His skill, the Pope for his Supremacie:
Pope *Hild-brands* foule plots were there expreſt,
Againſt the Luthers Empire of the *Weſt*,
Pope Alexander and his wicked Sonne,
Duke *Valentine*, *Machivells* paragon
Were figured there, with their damned ſubtilty,
To get the Soveraignetie of Italie,
And *Machivell* was likewiſe to be ſeene
There with the proud *D. Alva* & the Scottiſh Queen,
And he was *Barnavelt*, who had of late,
A Traytor beene to the Netherlanders ſtate,
Beſides were portray'd amongſt all theſe,
Don Spinola the warlike *Genoayes*,
And *Gondamor*, two old ill-looking Scots,
Who both did ſeeme to be contriving plots,
To make their Mr. *Weſterne* Emperor,
Full faſt they ply'd their worke and labour ſore,
All formes of State likewiſe that ever were,
Were to the eye plainly deſcryed there,
Firme *Monarchies* and *Ariſtocraſies*,
Oligarchies, and worſe *Democraſies*.

The Hart delivered from aſtoniſhment,
Before the Throne of *Poleſea* went,
And falling on his knees did her intreat,
To ſtand his friend and teach him ſome good feat,
The fury of his foes to turne away,
Who had indented to worke his decay.

The Dame replies, our greateſt pleaſure is,
To ſuccor thoſe that are in deepe diſtreſſe,
Therefore we pitty thee, for thee tis good,
To be Commander of the Silver flood,
Which *Cantaber* is cleeped, where doe dwell
The learned Syrens, which ſtrange things can tell,
And then beſide, let Juſtice worke her worſt,
And with diſpleaſure her owne bowells burſt.

The Hart from this adviſe much comfort had,
And to the Forreſt returnd blith and glad,

Where

Where he reported to the Lions grace,
(For in his favour ſtill he had a place)
The manner of his voyage, and ſucceſſe,
And how the Goddeſſe taught him to redreſſe
His griefes; Him he beſought to ſtand his friend,
Whereby his aimes might hit their wiſhed end.
Then did he ſend a truſty Meſſenger,
To the inhabitants of *Cantaber*,
The Lion likewiſe for him interceeds,
By Meſſengers unto the Reverend heads,
For out of Sixteene heads iſſued the flood
Devoid of ragged Moſſe and filthy Mud,
He tumbled on a Sandy bed full cleare,
Where under Peaſants might not approach neare.
But on his graſſie bancks with Lawrell Crown'd,
The Nymphes and Fayries ſat in circle round,
Compoſing wreathes of never dying Bayſe,
To deck thoſe heads, whoſe knowledge merits praiſe.
But in this ſixteene headed ſpring didſit,
So many Syrens grave in yeares and wit,
Theſe by a higher power, were put in truſt
To order things, and keepe all right and juſt;
But one above them all was placed high
In honour, and in grave authority,
Which height Learn'd *Panace* a Lady fine,
And farre renown'd for skill and medicine;
But Dinamene had the ſecond place,
A Dame of Comely countenance and grace.
Yet were her Oſeants ſtain'd with luſtfull flame,
From *Tyneas* ſhe had an evill name,
She often wont to leave the Chriſtall floods,
And ſeeke her lovely ſtripling in the woods,
Glytephone, and faire *Philacreete*,
Armold, and ſage *Piſinope*,
Euſibia, *Panope*, *and Eucrate*.
Themiſty, juſt and wiſe *Polime*,
Patient *Cymodoce*, that could aſſawge
The ſurging Seas, when they began to rage,

Kind

Kind *Elimuce* and *Antonene*,
Faithfull *Memphee*, and old *Zione*.
All these the Daughters were of mighty *Iove*,
Begot by him in the adjoyning Grove,
An *Academie* faire, the elder daughter
Of *Cronus* and *Minerva*, for long after
Minerva bare another lively Dame,
Begotten of *Cronus* on the bancks of Thame.
Besides the sixteene Syrens faire, which were
Chiefe in the flood, three thousand moe were there,
Begot all by *Phœbus*, and great *Iove*,
Nurst and brought up all by their neighbour grove.
The Harts swift post comes to the gentle River,
Where he his maisters letter did deliver,
Unto the Syrens, who as it fell out
Were in their sacred bowers met about
Some great affaires, nor did the Messenger
Forget with gentle language to prefer
His masters humble suit, and thus he said,
Loe he that long hath the great Ocean swaid,
Who to the *Fritians* doth prescribe a law,
And keepes *Eolus* blustring Sonnes in awe,
Even he the Empire of your flood stands for,
Desires to be your Lord and Governour.
And what the Lion might command, he now
Requesteth, so his mildnesse doth him bow;
Refuse not then the Hart, who is so kind (mind.
For your good Lord; since tis your Soveraignes
This said, the Syrens did his absence crave,
And told him soone, he should an answer have.
Then first gan *Pornace* her selfe to advance,
Striking the assembly with an Austere glance,
Two things (said she) invites us to deny
The Harts request: First doth the peoples cry
Deeme him unworthy of so great a place,
And secondly his weake and wretched case,
Makes him unfit to oversee our flood,
Least he should faile at need to doe us good;
But on the other side his Princes love,
To take him for our Ruler doth us move,

Tyme is a ſalve for many ſoares, but hate
Of Kings diſpleaſure no time did ere abate,
Should we adore the riſing ſunne, or when
Hees at the hight, fall downe before him, then
We might be deem'd by ſome miſdeeming Syres,
To be no better then vile Flatterers;
But doubtleſſe him in his deſigne to prop,
When he is like into the deepe to drop,
It is an action that deſerveth beſt,
The favour of the Gods, then his requeſt
(And our dread Soveraignes will,) ye ſhall allow,
If my perſwaſion may availe with you;
I oft have heard well taught experience ſing,
Tis greateſt wiſdome, for to pleaſe a King.
This ſaid, a confus'd rumor the houſe fill'd,
But *Pyamene* his opinion held;
And ſo did many more grave headed wights,
Some feare, and thirſt of honour ſome invites
To make the *Hart* their Lord, but one true blade,
Whom *Tytan* had of better mettall made,
Did ſtoutly ſtand againſt gray-headed wit,
Moſt voyces yet at length, miſcarryed it,
But though the *Hart* obtained this great place,
The ſilly beaſts ſtill hated his good Grace.
Then he the Camell made of his great kin,
Who likewiſe was growne mighty by great ſin,
For he was not to Lordly Manners borne,
But fortune honoured him with plenties horne,
For ranging in the Forreſt on a day,
By accident he found a goodly prey.
A Lady faire was on a greene banck laid,
Her Limbes in Careleſſe poſture all diſplaid,
Which under a thin vaile were halfe deſcri'd,
In emptie clouds ſo *Phebe* wont to hide
Her baſhfull face, when ſhe was gaz'd upon,
With a fixt eye, by her *Endymion*;
Certes ſhe was one of *Dianas* dames,
Whom a long chaſe, and bright *Apolloes* flames,
Had from the plaines into the coole ſhade ſent,
For ſweet repoſe and gentle ſolacement;

The Camell, ſuch was his moſt happy lot,
Did find her ſleeping, and ſo neare her got,
That he loſt not his opportunity,
But ſo prevail'd that he with her did lie,
Lewd *Priapus* went often in ſuch guiſe,
Some light heel'd Nymphes in Court for to ſurpriſe.
The Camell lying with the Lady gat
Great ſtore of money, and a great eſtate,
Her name was *Theſenia* the fortunate,
Her prateing Lovers ſhee went to elate
To high degrees, hard was my deſtiny,
Cauſe with that laſſe, I found not grace to lie
Who makes her Lovers rich and happy too,,
And yeelds to each that hath a face to wooe.
The Camell lying with this Strumpet grew,
Worthy to weare a goodly gowne of blew,
How doth that giglet fortune favour fooles
For he was neither well train'd up in Schooles,
Nor ever could he of a fine wit vaunt
But he was paſſing bold and ignorant,
Yet expert was he in his facultie.
Oh what an eaſie Art is knavery!
Thus doe great knaves become great men alone,
Whilſt true Nobility is trod upon;
The Scholler ſpends his wit, and none regards him,
The Souldier ſpends his blood, & none rewards him.
The vertuous Gentleman, whom competence
Protects from want, and pinching Indigence,
May live at home in meane and honeſt port,
Neere looking for preferment at the Court.
Now was the *Camell* with great office grac'd,
And high in awefull ſeat of *Honor* plac'd,
With lookes and words the Stygian Frogs did check,
Who went to cry *Coax* breck *Ekex* neck,
Foure times a yeare in that great Hall, from whence,
Aſtrea fled away three ages ſince,
Nere was it knowne before, that Juſtice did
Depend on Hymen, or waite on a Bride,
She did not Nuptials know, nor what was meant
By Venus ſport of Junos blandiſhment,

Shee

She is a Queene by birth, but made a ſlave,
Damn'd be thoſe heads that did her thus deprave.
Thus at length with the Camell the Hart tied
Bonds of Alliance, to make a ſtronger ſide;
And then he cals from the Cimerian land
The reverend Aſſe, and he muſt keepe a ſtand,
And be the buckler to a maſſe of ſinne,
Whom doth not ſacred thirſt of money winne?
That faire Panarra, daughter of the gods,
That Miſtris of delight, fairer by ods
Then honeſty, who dares not once be ſeene
When ſhe appeares, ſo doth nights pale-fac'd Queen
Give place to Sol: but ſtill the beaſts ſore hate
The fearefull Hart; Jove doth commiſerate
The Forreſts ſtate, and him from thence did take
Whom he had made a ſtarre for Venus ſake,
Whoſe Prieſt he was, if Atlas had not cri'd
That Heaven would from his feeble ſhoulders ſlide
Were he fixt there (ſo heavie miſchiefe is)
But Jove to make a Metamorphoſis
Him turn'd into an *Ignis fatuus*,
A wandring light which oft appeares to us
Poore ſwaines, that watch our flocks upon the plains,
This fire oft-times the timerous Clowne conſtraines
To runne through buſh and brier, ditch and dale
For very feare, and many a dirty tale
Is told by Peaſants in the winter night
To maids by the fire ſide of the ſame ſprite,
Yet fame reports (but fame tels many lyes)
That Jove did take the Hart up to the skies,
And made him a bright ſtarre, and plac'd him neere
Shag-hairy Orgon the fierce Forreſter,
Who with his ſtaring lookes and glittering brand
A terror dire doth nere to him ſtand un.
For the Hart (as it ſhould ſeeme) and many write
No ſwordman was, but a meere Carpet-Knight
Certes his ſtars portend (as wiſe men gueſſe)
Much ill to thoſe which Art and Armes profeſſe,
And great impoveriſhment to Mariners,
Whom it ariſing from the Sea deters.

FINIS.